

### The Support Worker of Émile Durkheim House

\*

When I got home after my walk I saw their car parked in front. I guessed what had happened. The cops confirmed it. Adam's wife phoned the House. She said I was suicidal. Serge was on duty. What do you expect from a Brock University psychology major? He treated me like a client. He phoned the cops.

\*

There are many indications that Adam wanted to be missed. I remember him serving lunch through the pass-through in the dining room. He'd just got back from a two-week vacation that he'd mainly spent visiting a relative in the hospital. He'd been delusional, and had tried to punch Adam. Adam had visited him every day. Adam was unwell himself, exhausted and burnt-out.

Suddenly Adam turned to me in the kitchen and asked me if anyone had missed him. I'm afraid I said something mocking. In truth most of our tenants were beyond missing us. They'd already been abandoned by everyone that mattered or ought to matter in their lives. They probably only got through their day by deliberately not missing people and things infinitely more important than ourselves. No, they hadn't missed him.

About a week ago he was getting some chicken pieces out of our new freezer in the pantry. They were supposed to have been separated and bagged in lots of twenty-five.